Ioh. And are you gone? The diuell be your guide:
Proud rebels as ye are to braue me ſo:
Saucie, vnciuill checkers of my will.
Your tongues giue edge vnto the fatall knife,
That ſhall haue paſſage through your trait'rous throats.
But huſht, breath not bugs words too ſoone abroad,
Leaſt time preuent the iſſue of my reach.
Arthur is dead, I, there the corziue growes:
But while he liu'd, the danger was the more;
His death hath freed me from a thouſand feares,
But it hath purchaſt me ten times ten thouſand foes.
Why all is one, ſuch lucke ſhall haunt his game,
To whom the diuell owes an open ſhame:
His life a foe that leueld at my crowne,
His death a frame to pull my building downe.
My thoughts harpt ſtill on quiet by his end,
Who liuing aymed ſhrewdly at my roome:
But to preuent that plea, twice was I crown'd,
Twice did my ſubiects ſweare me fealty,
And in my conſcience lou'd me as their liege,
In whoſe defence they would haue pawnd their liues.
But now they ſhun me as a Serpents ſting,
A tragycke tyrant, ſterne and pittileſſe,
And not a title followes after *Iohn*,
But butcher, bloodſucker, and murtherer.
What Planet gouern'd my Nativity,
To bode me Soueraigne types of high eſtate,
So interlac'd with helliſh diſcontent,
Wherein fell fury hath no intereſt.
Curſt be the crowne, chiefe author of my care,
Nay curſt my will, that made the crowne my care:
Curſt be my birthday, curſt tentimes the wombe
That yeelded me aliue into the world.
Art thou there villaine: furies havnt thee ſtill,
For killing him whom all the world laments.
Hub. Why heer's my Lord your Highnes hand & ſeale,

Char-

Charging on liues regard to doe the
Iohn. Ah dull conceipted Peſant
It was a damned execrable deed:
Shewſt me a Seale? Oh villaine, bo
Haue ſold their freedome to the th
Vnder the warrant of that curſed S
Hence villaine, hang thy ſelfe, and ſ
That I am comming for a Kingdom
Hubert. My Lord, attend the ha
For heauens health ſend Sathan pac
That inſtigates your highneſſe to de
If *Arthurs* death be diſmall to be hea
Bandie the newes for rumors of vnt
He liues my Lord, the ſweeteſt youth
In health, with eyeſight, not a hayr
This heart tooke vigor from this fo
Making it weake to execute your c
Iohn. What, liues hee! then ſweete
Chaſe hence deſpaire, the purueyor
Hye *Hubert*, tell theſe tidings to my
That throb in paſſions for young *A*
Hence *Hubert*, ſtay not till thou haſt
The wiſhed newes of *Arthurs* happy
I goe my ſelfe, the ioyfulſt man aliu
To ſtorie out this new ſuppoſed crim

The end of the firſt Part.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)